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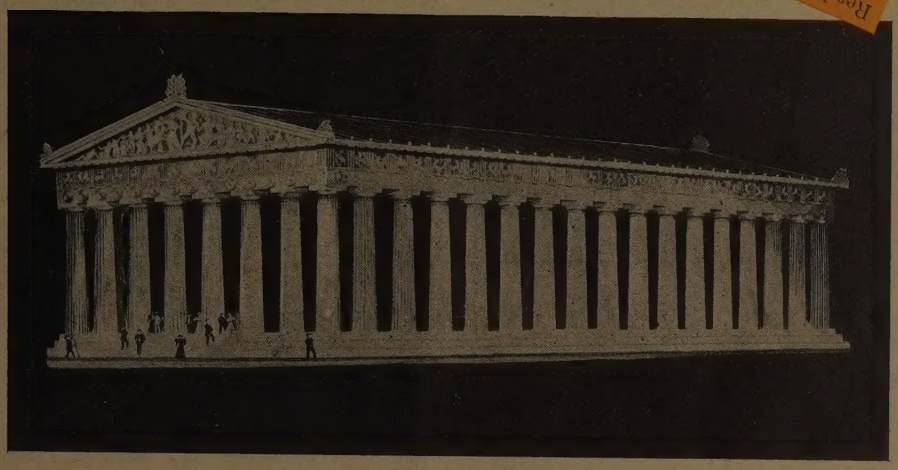
Reading Room Divinity School



THE PARTHENON, CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

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The Publisher's Keynote in the opening number of the present volume of THE NEW UNITY struck a responsive chord and the answering chorus has thrilled the business department with a new inspiration. Listen while we sound the keynote again and then let the chorus swell once more. What do you say to a twenty-page paper? No increase in price, but an increase of 25 per cent. in the size of THE NEW UNITY. Not next year, or sometime in the uncertain future, but now. Not promises, but performance. What do you think of a publisher who first gives you a better article than you have been getting for your money; then gives you double the number of articles you have been getting for the same money; then increases the size of the articles 25 per cent. Doesn't it make you wonder what he'll do next?

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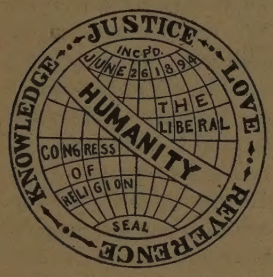
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1897. NUMBER 3



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

All other requisites are unimportant compared with this primary requisite, that each shall so live as neither to burden his fellows nor injure his fellows.

HERBERT SPENCER.

The Parthenon, in old Greece, stands on the highest ground of Athens. In old Greek life it stood at the highest point of greatness, for its building was significant of the fullest attainment in art, in literature, in politics, in philosophy, that antiquity ever knew. A Pericles touched it with fingers that had turned an age to gold. An Ictinus dreamed out its white perfection. A Phidias fixed upon it the crowding emblems of a crowding, full-pulsed life.

The Parthenon is being exactly reproduced, except that it is upon another scale, for the Fine Arts Building at the Tennessee Exposition. Here, where the lamp of memory burns so radiantly, the next session of the Liberal Congress of Religions will be held. Surely the spirit of all that was noblest and best in Greek thought will speak to us from out those shining columns, and perhaps we shall achieve there the quest of the old philosophers—to look into the face of Truth, the free, the beautiful one.

In ancient mythology, Astrea, the goddess of justice, is represented as a blind-folded mute divinity. Statues have been erected to her and she has been elevated upon the domes of modern courthouses, but religion now insists that the bandage be torn off and that she preside within the courthouse, a living intelligence, using all the senses. Justice is the rightful relation of things; it is the harmonious arrangement of the moral factors of the universe. It curbs the liberties of the individual so that they may co-ordinate and not overshadow those of another. Justice insists upon freedom for every legitimate power and impulse, not only in one soul but in every soul. It will see to it that as each atom of matter has a place in the universe, so no two souls in the universe must try to occupy the same place at the same time or deliberately stand in each other's way.

Doctor John Henry Barrows will return to Chicago in May, it is said as the successor of Mr. Frank Buffington Vrooman at the Kenwood Presbyterian Church. Dr. Barrows will resume his lectures on "Comparative Religion" at the University of Chicago. The Kenwood Church is a loyal, staunch, and liberal church. It is in one of the best neighborhoods of Chicago and has in it the making of one of the most powerful churches of the Northwest. It would have been glad to keep Mr. Vrooman as its pastor, even after the action of the synod at Danville. Indeed, such an effort was made. But Mr. Vrooman was unwilling to compromise the future of the church by remaining in an equivocal position. It appears that Kenwood Church will be true to her traditions and convictions. At one time it was suspected from the extraordinary interest suddenly manifested in the church after Mr. Vrooman's resignation by the McCormick Seminary and the Moderator of the General Assembly, that a theological reaction would take place and strand the church upon the dreary reefs of dogmatism. But this fear is now groundless. The church which was founded by Dr. Barrows, whose first and only pastor was Mr. Vrooman, will still stand in the advance line of toleration and liberality in the Presbyterian Church, which, in fact and at heart, is more liberal than many suppose. THE NEW UNITY congratulates the Kenwood Church upon the prospective leadership of one of the most untrammelled of thinkers and of pulpit orators, and perhaps the most noted Presbyterian of the age.

Twenty-five years ago American cities had come to the conviction that they were being built on wrong principles. The change toward a more wholesome as well as beautiful style of charting streets and parks has gone on slowly, until at last we are sure of radical reform. Our smaller cities involve the idea of frequent parks, or resting places, where are to be found fountains and plots of green grass, with trees and seats for pedestrians. The older cities are tearing down and confiscating the worst tenement buildings, and creating gardens where the population is most densely packed. Where parks cannot be laid out, roof gar-

dens are created, large enough to serve as play grounds for children, and means of relief from the heated spells of the hot months. Hereafter the people should see to it that no city street is without a breathing place for men and animals at every half mile,—in the larger and packed cities each block should have a public shelter and rest, with water.

Spontaneity comes only after long training. The flying fingers of the musician that seem to glide ungoverned and undirected over the keys of the instrument, evolving melody and harmony with every touch, move in response to the law of a most careful and patient training. The third mate can be entrusted with the ship when the wind is in the right quarter, he can make his calculations when the sun shines or take his reckonings on a starlit evening. But the captain must be able to keep his bearings in the darkest night and demean himself with the valor of a true sailor when the tempest has taken the main mast, the rudder is broken and the hull leaking. This power is acquired only by slow accumulation of moral capital, large deposits in the savings bank of the soul which may be drawn against on demand in troublous times.

Salisbury's Sense of Humor.

The proposition of Lord Salisbury to Greece, that her troops shall evacuate Crete before autonomy is established, and that the Turks shall police the island for a time, toward the establishment of law and order, is another evidence of the genius of this grim humorist. Coming as it does upon the heels of that practical joke which the Powers played upon the Greeks the other day, when Lord Salisbury's ships led in the bombardment and the next day allowed the Turks to perform the same facetious operation, the Powers threatening the Greeks with extinction if they should return the fire in self-defense, it will take its place in the long line of "funny things" this man has thought of and which go to warrant the verdict that he is the puppet of those who have loaned money in Turkey; that he pursues a cowardly policy; that he is a traitor to the church in which he is a shining light; a travesty on the enlightenment of the great universities of which he is chancellor, and a disfigurement to the humanity he has in Armenia and Crete so foully betrayed.

Under Suspicion.

Julian Ralph cables *The Chicago Tribune* that Ian Maclaren, who was talked of for a church in New York, has just missed one of the best Presbyterian pulpits in England. When Dr. Pentecost resigned Marylebone Church in London it was expected that the Rev. John Watson would be his successor, but the authorities read his book, "The Mind of the Master," and decided it was written from a Unitarian standpoint, besides treating one of the most solemn subjects in the lightest of spirits.

The Church folk decided to engage an "Evangelical" pastor.

In America Dr. Watson has been received by the Presbyterian Church, save for here and there a feeble and empty reproach, by the most fulsome adulation. This lionizing which has been out of proportion to his contributions to Calvinism has been nowhere more evident than in Chicago, where in pulpit and at the dinner table he was the honoured and welcome guest of men who were at that moment relentlessly crowding out of the church a resident heretic for holding views almost identical with those recorded in "The Mind of the Master." But then, the Presbyterian Church has had no idea of putting out all its heretics. There would not be much of a church left. This last Chicago heresy hunt has frightened many a timid clerical hare back into his hole, where he sits and trembles while the echo of the pursuing yelp is still heard. If the Presbyterian Church turned out everyone whose point of view is the "Unitarian Standpoint" of "The Mind of the Master," there would scarcely be a baker's dozen left. So writes at least a prominent Presbyterian clergyman from the central part of the state.

What Shall We Do With Them?

The movement against the large department stores in Chicago invites an observation. Doubtless the very men who are being crowded to the wall by more economical methods of doing business are dedicated to the philosophy expressed in that phrase, "business is business," the ethical or unethical content of which is so conveniently yet sorrowfully elastic. The great department store is the logical product of the "every-fellow-for-himself" commercialism, which is more and more taking on all the methods of war, with war's horrors, but without those elements of chivalry which once clothed even war with a certain sense of honour and crowned it with valour. A candid observer of the current of events will say not only that the department store is inevitable, but that the whole commercial fabric of our country is in a swift process of crystallization into monopolies and trusts. This is the tendency of business. Nothing is to be gained for those who do business on a small and extravagant scale, who must pay rent, clerks, and their own living out of the patronage of small areas, and who consequently must charge large profits, in an attack upon those who do business upon exactly the same *laissez-faire* principle. Who, for example, can compete "up town" with the department store, which buys its goods as buys one down-town store of which the writer heard this week? A dealer was obliged to turn over, on account of a mortgage due, crockery for which he had paid $5,000 cash. The goods were ready to deliver in the freight depot. The man who took them went to a prominent department store owner, who, after looking them over carefully, offered $371 for the whole lot. It was sold. Who in Forty-third street or North Clark street can compete with such methods? Unless there is a radical change the time approaches when all the little dealers, and even the big ones who do a "single-barreled" business, must yield to the "magazine" stores in the incessant warfare of modern trade. Shopkeeping will soon be a thing of the past. One by one the small dealers are

being sucked into the vortex as all the little oil men were smothered in Rockefeller's cauldron. The immortal Mr. Barnum said the American people liked to be humbugged. As long as they like it, who is to deny they are entitled to the privilege? But if the small dealers object to the complex methods of those who do business on a larger scale let them go forward, not backward. Kansas introduces a bill to prohibit type-setting machines. But type-setting machines have come to stay. Let Kansas introduce a bill to carry freight in ox wagons. It will require more men to do a given amount of business. This may give work to the unemployed. And then, it may not. But it is a step toward the past, not the future. The political philosopher must find something to do for him who is now a business man, when Rockefeller controls all the oil, Arbuckle controls all the coffee, Havemeyer controls all the sugar, Armour controls all the meat, and Marshall Field does the business for Chicago, and all the rest of us are hired men.

"Is Freedom Destroying Itself?"

The March number of Mr. Wm. M. Salter's little publication, *The Cause*, comes full of good things. One editorial of special interest deserves notice. It is so timely and so suggestive that we reproduce it almost in full and reiterate the question as to whether "we are precluded from considering another ideal as one more worthy of the consideration of the state—namely, one of *ordered association* in the production and distribution of commodities." Following are Mr. Salter's thoughtful words:

"Some of our friends believe in freedom—by freedom meaning the gradual diminution or the abolition of legal restraints in industry and everywhere else—that is, allowing things to regulate themselves. But combinations are now arising in the community which seek to fix prices and to virtually compel their customers to pay them. They are not always successful, but they seem to be becoming more and more so in some cases. The Oil Trust and the Sugar Trust are instances. In the absence of social regulation these bodies regulate things pretty completely themselves. The freedom of the retail dealer in oil and sugar is largely a nominal affair. In other words, the absence of law does not mean real freedom. Accordingly we have the singular phenomenon recently presenting itself of law arising to protect, or give, freedom. This is the meaning of the anti-trust laws, whether of the United States or of separate commonwealths (the New York statute is said to be the most rigorous). They may not be enforced (as yet), but this is their intention. Their idea is to preserve the competition, which a policy of *laissez-faire* is actually tending to destroy. As Judge Russell in the Supreme Court of New York recently affirmed, "it is not lawful to form a combination which shall make the enforcement of prices fixed by the manufacturer *effective beyond the reach of competition*, by the exclusion of such customers from a general power of purchase of other goods." Theoretical anarchists should abate something of their hostility to the state when they find the state striving to attain the very ideal at which they are aiming themselves.

"At the same time, inasmuch as freedom and competition are not things that exist of themselves or even (under modern conditions) tend to exist without the help of the state, how is it that we are precluded from considering another ideal as one more worthy of the consideration of the state—namely, one of *ordered association* in the production and distribution of commodities? It is often said that such ordered association is a highly artificial ideal. This may be true, but the question is whether free competition is not also an artificial ideal? Apparently, with all our efforts, both by laws and by private agencies and methods, modern society is not able to get free competition These trusts and combinations are coming to be a universal phenomenon. We find them in England, in Germany, in France. It is shallow to attribute them solely to protective tariffs. Yet they everywhere tend to limit or destroy freedom. Possibly the state had better reconsider its ideals.

"This suggestion is borne in on the mind of the thoughtful citizen particularly by such phenomena as the legal forbidding of railroads to consolidate. Recently the Legislature in several commonwealths has passed acts to this effect. And the Supreme Court has affirmed their constitutionality, and prevented, for instance, the Great Northern Railway from absorbing the Northern Pacific. It is possible that action like this will be some day looked on as a species of industrial romanticism—i. e., as an attempt to restore an impossible past. When economic interests find themselves served by co-operation instead of competition, and when, moreover, we may be tolerably sure that in some war or other the co-operation will be effected, it savors of struggling for a lost cause to try to bring back the good old days of individualistic enterprise and free competition. Undoubtedly competition has served its turn and in some departments of life it may continue to do so for some time to come, but it may be that a good part of the world's industrial needs are going to be met by some sort of co-operation in the future. The task of society may accordingly change; it may be to accept combinations and trusts rather than fight them, and simply endeavor to make them serve instead of thwart the wider interests of the public."

The man who goes to a church as he would to a club, because he "enjoys the society," has his reward. He gets what he goes for, and no more.

Citticus—I see that some wealthy, patriotic Chicagoan is going to present the "Windy City" with the strongest telescope in the world. Witticus.—Yes. The Chicagoans want to look at St. Louis through the wrong end of it.—*Life*. An observation more to the point has been volunteered that the gentleman who gave $50,000 for this purpose was interested in turning the attention of the people of Chicago toward the heavens and away from the streets.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Free.

I hear a joy, a lofty joy,
  Within my heart, oft aching;
No fear doth ever it alloy,
  When thoughts free flight are taking.

They flutter like the birds, while swings,
  Their flight throughout earth gleaming,
And bear upon their dainty wings
  The sweetest of all dreaming.

They mock at doors and bars and bolts,
  And all the blows Fate looses;
My merry little choir of thoughts
  Can love whate'er it chooses.

And though my feet through life are led
  Down poverty's bare pathway,
My merry band of thoughts will tread
  The street of highest beauty.

—*Johanna Ambrosius.*

Democratic Education.

I.

The problem of education is presented to every individual and every age for a new statement and solution. Life is made up of a series of adjustments between an organism and its environment. Changing social conditions necessitate a continual reconstruction of the agencies designed to discipline and prepare men for harmonious living. Education is such an agency. The vanity of education begins when a given system is established, with such conventional fixity that it ceases to move with the times, perpetuates a traditional formula and becomes an object of reverence in itself.

The idols of the school are no more worthy than those of the church or the market place. A people must frankly and freely seek new means for new ends—a new education to meet the requirements of modern democratic conditions. The socialization of education, under the condition of social solidarity, is the prime requisite of the day. But the actual system that meets our scrutiny is one that is traditional and serving an alien feudalism by means of studies and methods that are exclusive in their operation and purely cultural in their effects. The prevailing ideal of the educated man compels a special culture and refinement, a purely intellectual attainment that is possible only to the few. Such a man is prepared for life in an aristocracy and not for a democracy. He has been educated away from his fellows and taught to shun and ignore the person who, from the point of view of special culture, seems vulgar and unworthy. Such an one is educated for selfish rather than social ends. His sympathies are untouched. His imagination is without vitality. The experiences of his fellows have no value save as they are comprehended in the same exclusive circle.

The figure of the cultured man, restricted but refined in his interests, has been an ideal around which the imagination and sympathy of men have gathered, but it is an ideal that must fade before the slowly unfolding meanings of democracy—fade as the figures of kings and priests and knights have faded, and become lost in the distance. Democracy demands a man of generous sympathies, with imaginative if not actual community in every experience, in short, a genuine social being, inclusive as light.

It was not without reason that Lincoln was called by Lowell the "First American." An offence to an aristocracy, Lincoln was the very embodiment of the democratic idea. He had a culture that was broad as life, generous as love. Fred Douglas said of him: "He was the first man in whose presence I forgot I was a negro." That is a sublime testimony and is an adequate witness to the character of democratic culture. Lincoln was not educated in our schools—he could not have been. The college might have instructed him, but it would have destroyed him. Whitman, Lincoln's fellow, was likewise free from the traditional discipline, but in secret striving for the culture of life, he achieved a character that so combined the intellectual and the sympathetic, the individual and the social, that his life was absolutely inclusive and fairly representative of humanity. If Lincoln was the only man, "Leaves of Grass" is the only book to which Douglas—any man of any race—might come and find himself sympathetically comprehended.

The educational problem presented by the lives of these men—the first practical democrats the world has known—is profound and not easily solved. But it is a point gained if the problem is realized.

"I announce natural persons to arise.
I announce uncompromising liberty and equality.
I announce splendor and majesties to make all previous politics of the earth insignificant.
I announce adhesiveness, I say it shall be limitless, unloosen'd.
I announce the great individual, fluid as nature, chaste, affectionate, compassionate, fully arm'd.
I announce life that shall be copious vehement, spiritual, bold.
I announce an end that shall lightly and joyfully meet its translation."

The problem is the production for the uses of democracy of great individuals, "fluid as nature," chaste, affectionate, compassionate, fully arm'd." To this end the imagination and sympathies of men must become associated with the culture of life of the type of Lincoln's and Whitman's rather than with the culture of the library. To hold up the ideal of a special class is to retard the progress of democracy and to neutralize its effects.

A further question is the relationship the school must maintain to society. Education is to measure its value by the degree in which it penetrates and permeates every stratum of society. We must test its theories by bringing them into contact with practical life. The scholastic exclusiveness, the traditional contest between the "town" and the "gown," must forever be laid aside. The school should be a social center; it must live by the reaction upon it of the life of the community. And this socialization of the school is one of the slowly unfolding meanings of democracy.

OSCAR L. TRIGGS.

Government by the People.

It is not true in a changing world that that government "which is best administered is best." This is the maxim of tyranny. Good government may be a matter of secondary importance even. Our government by the people is for the people's growth. It is the great training school in governmental methods, and in the progress which it insures lies the certain pledge of better government in the future. This pledge, I believe, enables us to look with confidence on the gravest of political problems, problems which other nations have never solved, and which can be faced by no statesmanship other than

"The right divine of man,
The million trained to be free."

And in spite of all reaction and discouragement, every true American feels that this trust in the future is no idle boast.
—*David Starr Jordan.*

O Victory, blush! and
Empire tremble!
When ye desert the free.
If Greece must be
A wreck, yet shall its fragments reassemble,
And build themselves again impregnably
In a diviner clime,
To Amphionic music, on some cape sublime,
Which frowns above the idle foam of time.

—*Shelley.*

Thomas Hughes.

What college student or what school boy beyond twelve years of age is there in America who does not know "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford?"

Thomas Hughes (during the later years of his life *Judge* Thomas Hughes), the author of these two stories of school and college life, the most popular of our generation, died during the past year. I am glad to see that a movement is on foot to erect a permanent memorial to him in the form of a life-size statue in Rugby. There are thousands of men in England, America, Australia, India and all up and down the world, to whom the news of Judge Hughes' death has brought a sense of personal bereavement, and who will be glad to do something to show their love and honor to one who has done so much to put a higher sense of manliness into the minds of a whole generation of young men.

Ever since boyhood I have felt a peculiar interest in the man who wrote the Tom Brown books. Last year it was my good fortune to spend three weeks in Oxford, with my family. One of the things we did there, which we shall remember with greatest pleasure always, was to read together, amid the very scenes where the plot of the story was laid, the dear old book, "Tom Brown at Oxford." Most of us had read it before—I twenty-five years before; but how vividly it all came back! and with what delight we lived over its stirring events again! and how doubly real Tom and East, and everybody and everything in the story became, as the bright panorama of chapter after chapter unrolled itself there amid the colleges, quadrangles, gardens, walks, cricket grounds and boating scenes of Oxford.

Later we went to Rugby, and there we read as much as we could of the "School Days,"—visiting the old and new "quads," the famous cricket field, large and green and shaded with noble trees, the schoolrooms, with plain plank benches and desks, which would make American boys groan, if not rebel, the bare dormitories, the long corridors with study rooms on each side four feet by six, the library, and the "commons,"—every place associated with Tom; yes, and every place associated, too, with that great character, Dr. Arnold, Rugby's head master in Tom's day, whom all the world has since learned to honor! With deepest interest of all we visited Arnold's room, where Tom learned really to know and therefore to love his great teacher; and the Chapel, where Arnold preached those wonderful sermons, and gave those earnest talks to the boys, which none of them ever forgot.

I did not know until I went to England how Mr. Hughes came to write his first and greatest Tom Brown book. He had himself been a Rugby boy—entering the school at the age of ten or eleven and remaining until he was nineteen, when he went to Oxford. After taking his degree at Oxford he studied law in London, and began practice as a barrister there. He married and had several children. When his oldest boy was ready to go away to school it was natural that he should want to send him to Rugby, where he himself had been. But Rugby had its hardships, its temptations, and its dangers. It was not strange, therefore, that there were many things which the father wanted to say to the young and inexperienced son, to prepare him for what he would find in the new situation. The project gradually shaped itself of writing them out in the form of a story, as perhaps the most effective manner of impressing them upon the boy's mind. The story was begun and carried on and on, and at last finished, the boy having the benefit of it as it progressed.

This was in the year 1856. The next year Mr. Hughes decided to publish it as a book. It met with very great public favor, and the author became famous at once. It has passed through at least fifty editions, and its sale has been enormous.

It was followed later by "Tom Brown at Oxford," which was very popular also, but did not reach the high-water mark of the earlier work. But both are vigorous, healthy, manly books,—the kind that it does boys at school and young men in college good to read, and the kind, fortunately, which most like to read.

Mr. Hughes followed the Tom Brown books with a number of others, somewhat miscellaneous in their character, but all of them strong, living, earnest, full of sympathy with men, full of love for truth and justice, breathing in every chapter the spirit of a rational and manly piety. As among the more important of these may be named his "Memoirs of a Brother," "The Securing of the White Horse," "A Layman's Faith," "The Old Church: What Shall We Do With It?" a "Life of Alfred the Great," "Vacation Rambles," and "The Manliness of Christ."

While none of Mr. Hughes' books can be said to have become famous except the first two, the others have by no means wanted for readers, and through them he has exerted a very considerable influence, and certainly a very healthful and morally tonic influence, upon his time.

During the last fifteen years of his life he had a seat upon the judicial bench of England. To that position he carried not only intellectual fitness but the highest character. His decisions were marked for breadth, fairness, fearlessness and love of justice.

He was active in many educational, social and reformatory movements of both a local and a national character. One of his last public appearances was at a meeting in Chester for establishing a branch of the National Sporting League, where almost alone he protested indignantly against the element of gambling that he felt to be coming into the national sports of England. He declared that throughout his whole life he had favored sports and pastimes, but he would show no quarter to that gambling spirit which he claimed was corrupting them, and destroying their manliness and their true life.

We in America have special reason for thinking of Mr. Hughes with regard, because of his stanch friendliness to us as a nation in our time of need, when public sentiment in England ran high in favor of the Southern Confederacy. He worked hard to stem the tide and to set the English people right; and mainly on account of his successful efforts in this direction he was elected to Parliament as the member from Lambeth, a part of London.

In 1870 he made his first visit to America, where, of course, he was very warmly received. After that he came frequently.

One industrial enterprise in this country is of his creation. I refer to the Rugby colony in Tennessee,—twelve or fifteen years ago much talked about,—designed particularly to furnish industrial openings for educated young Englishmen of the upper middle class. How successful the colony has been or is I do not know. Mr. Hughes has been nearly all his life much interested in co-operative movements in England, some of which have achieved a very considreable degree of success. This Tennessee colonization scheme was an attempt to apply the co-operative idea to farming and all the operations of a community.

In politics Mr. Hughes was a liberal. He was always a friend of the people, and interested in the promotion of such legislation and such public movements as would give them better education, fuller protection, and larger privileges.

In character he was sturdy and sincere, standing for what he believed was right even if all the world was against him.

In religion he was a broad churchman, of the Arnold, Kingsley, Robertson and Maurice type, who believed in a religion of deeds, not of mere words and forms.

In these times England sorely needs more such men as this inspiring writer, this industrial and political reformer, this just judge. So does America. So does the world. When one falls it is a distinct loss. May God give to both nations, and to all nations, more men like sturdy, manly, upright, downright Thomas Hughes!

Ann Arbor, Mich. J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Reminiscences of Robert Browning.

I have heard Mr. Browning narrate two stories, both of them Eastern legends about King Solomon, which impressed me much. One was as follows:

I had been telling him the well-known Mohammedan myth, how Solomon, in his intense pride in the horses and chariots, which were a dubious and half-forbidden innovation among the adjuncts of Jewish royalty, had once been surprised in the midst of his review by the voice of the muezzin (Eastern legends are always perfectly indifferent about anachronisms) and the summons to the evening prayer. Not knowing how to attend in time to this religious duty, Solomon magnificently consecrated all his forty thousand horses to Allah and his service. In reward for this sacrifice, Allah presented him with a magic carpet, which would at a wish transport to any distance the person who sat upon it. Once, as Solomon was consulting with his Grand Vizier, Azrael, the Angel of Death, passed by and gazed curiously at the Vizier, who instantly, in alarm, entreated the King to lend him the magic carpet, and bade it transport him to the center of Arabia. No sooner had he gone than Azrael said to the King: "I looked at that man so closely because, having been bidden to summon his soul from the center of the great desert, I saw him, to my surprise, standing here with you."

Mr. Browning agreed that the legend was a magnificent illustration of the two truths, that no man can ever escape his destiny, and that often he fulfills it the more certainly by the very endeavor to escape it. "But," he added, "I have heard the legend in a far finer form. In this version the King and the Vizier were standing together on the topmost pinnacle of the temple, to which they had ascended by a vast flight of steps. As they stood there talking, they saw a man approaching them with his head bent; but as he came to the foot of the steps, he cast one glance upward, and in that one glance both of them recognized the awful lineaments of the Angel of Death. He began slowly to mount the steps, and then the terrified Vizier, borrowing the magic carpet, desired to be transferred to the loftiest summit of Caucasus. The angel ascended the steps and said to the King: "I have come because I was bidden to take the soul of your Vizier from the top of El Brouz, and I saw him here. "Angel," said the King, bowing his head and pointing with his finger, "he awaits thee on the highest peak of Caucasus!"

The other legend was that of the death of King Solomon, which the late Lord Lytton heard from Mr. Browning, and clothed in magnificent verse in his "Chronicles and Characters." The king had gone into the holy place to worship, and while he stood there, in his jeweled crown and in all the golden splendor of his royal robes, the finger of Azrael suddenly touched him, and he died where he was,

> "Leaning upon the ebony staff
> Signed with the seal of the Pentegraph."

The corpse stood motionless in all its perishing magnificence, but the awe of the great king—

> "To whom were known, so Agar's offspring tell,
> The powerful vigil, and the starry spell,
> The midnight call Hell's awful legions dread,
> And sounds that break the slumbers of the dead"—

kept all men, even the chief priests, from drawing near or touching him, while all the demons also were kept afar by the graven spell. Then forth from the temple wall crept a little brown mouse, too insignificant to feel any reverence. It gnawed away the leather at the bottom of the staff and lo, suddenly, the gorgeous figure fell down flat upon its face and slipped into ashes, and out of the dust they picked a golden crown!

In his "Mr. Sludge the Medium," Mr. Browning expressed his contemptuous disbelief of what is called "spiritualism," and poured disdain upon the tricks of which professional "mediums" often availed themselves. But one day, when I was talking to him on this subject, he admitted that there were many apparently curious mysteries of thought-transmission for which he could not readily account. He said that once in Italy he met an Italian count who had the reputation of being able to read thoughts and to tell of occurrences by handling objects connected with them. The count knew that the poet was entirely skeptical as to his professed powers, and said to him: "Have you anything on your person to which any history is attached?" Mr. Browning said "No;" but a moment after he remembered that he was wearing a pair of sleeve-links to which there was a history. Correcting himself, he said: "Oh yes, these sleeve-links are associated with a remarkable occurrence." Mr. Browning's grandfather had been a resident in the West Indies, and his uncle had there been murdered by slaves, and these sleeve-links which he had been wearing had been taken from his corpse. The count laid them on the palm of his right hand, and after looking intently first at them and then at Mr. Browning, exclaimed, "It is a very strange thing, but as I look at these sleeve-links I hear a voice crying in my ears, 'Murder! murder!' " That the count could not have heard the story beforehand Browning was certain; he thought it possible that he might have made a lucky guess, or have conjectured something from the expression on his face.

From what Eastern source Mr. Browning had derived the legends of Solomon, I omitted to ask; but he was the most omnivorous reader I ever met—far more so than Lord Tennyson—and he seemed (as indeed the range of his allusions show) to know something about everything. I believe that when he was writing "Sordello" he exhausted every book in the British Museum which touched on the little known story of the Italian poet. The accuracy with which he mastered even the most recondite allusions to his subjects before he fused them together in the crucible of his imagination was most remarkable. His memory, too, was very retentive. He once repeated to me a great part of the poem of poor George Smart on David, which he regarded as reaching a very high poetic level; but he had read everything from Busbequius to Beddoes—for whom he told me he had a very high admiration, when I had quoted to him some lines from his dramas. This accuracy was extended to the minutest and most apparently insignificant details. In Florence it is possible to identify the *very spot* on which he was standing when he bought for a few pence the old paper copy of the trial of Count Guido, which suggested to him his longest, and in some respects most remarkable poem, "The Ring and the Book." The copy is still preserved by his son, who showed it to me, with other relics of his father, when I dined with him at his Venetian palace, in which I saw the truckle bed and simply furnished upper room in which his great father had breathed his last.—*F. W. Farrar, D. D., in The Independent.*

Hints from France.

Among the many matters of great importance to all interested in the subject of the education of the masses, contained in the last report of the commissioner of education, Hon. Wm. T. Harris, is the account of a new movement in France, looking to the education of adults. It seems to me there are hints in it which this country might consider with profit. Some sort of schools for adults have been maintained in France for 200 years. But they had fallen largely into disuse, until Jules Ferrz revived them in 1884, or was influential in having them revived, under the ministry of M. Fallières. By these decrees every commune was authorized to establish a class for adults, the expenses to be borne half by the state, and half by the commune. As a result 36,000 classes were opened within a year. The object was to overcome illiteracy in youth above the legal school age of 13 years, and the subjects taught were the same as in the elementary schools. Of late these schools have declined, and the present movement is to establish them on a permanent basis, and with the improvements suggested by experience. M. Berenger thus states the need of bestowing some attention upon the youth after their first school days are ended. "Between 11 and 20 years, the age of developing puberty, when conscience is

disturbed, when the character is forming, the youth of the common classes are socially abandoned. This is the gravest social danger that menaces the secular state." England has also recognized this danger, and her evening schools have been thoroughly reorganized—even transformed.

I can only hint at some of the methods proposed in France to make these adult schools more popular and interesting. M. Petit emphasizes the importance of public libraries, and of apparatus, and particularly the use of the magic lantern. "The lantern," he says, "exercises an irresistible attraction in a village, and even in a city. It is a fête day in many communes when it is announced that the views from Paris have arrived. So great is the interest excited, that in a number of communes subscriptions have readily been raised for the purchase of a lantern and views, and in several instances communes have clubbed together to secure the coveted apparatus." Another important movement is thus described by M. Henry Berenger:

In 1891 an energetic young man, M. Guérin-Catelain, founded the Société Nationale des Conférences Populaires, embodying in this ideas that Lanthenas, Lakanal and Condorcet had successfully carried in the conventions of May, 1792, and of July, 1793. He proposed, with his volunteer collaborators, to spread gratuitously in all France civic and humane instruction by means of printed lectures or lessons. This system was very ingenious. A scheme for a moral, scientific, or literary lecture or conference, drawn up by a competent person, was published, at the expense of the society, by thousands of copies. A copy put in the hands of the schoolmaster serves him as the model of a lecture and the basis of remarks before an audience composed of the working or rustic people. The society has had great success. It comprises to-day more than 3,000 directors of conferences and reported 6,000 conferences or lectures on the physical sciences applicable to agriculture, history and hygiene, in the single winter of 1893-94. Fifty texts, written by MM. M. de Nansouty, J. Siegfried, Félix Hément, E. Legouvé, A. Theuriet, George Ville, J. Steeg, etc., have been read thousands of times in thousands of cities. This work, an entirely private initiative, is a fine example of social effort, and shows what seeds one single effort can sow in a country like ours.

Such lectures as these might be made useful in school districts in this country, where university extension lectures do not reach, and where even Chautauqua circles have not penetrated. In France a great many private societies for the promotion of education exist, that aid in matters of this nature. In our rural districts, outside help would be indispensable in rousing the interest at first, and the subjects would necessarily be practical and simply treated. In France members of the university are encouraged by the university authorities, to give lectures; an example we would do well to follow.

I will mention but one more item, viz., school societies of patronage for boys and girls. In many sections of our country boys and girls have absolutely no society, nothing to take up their leisure, to improve their manners, minds, or morals. They take to the streets in villages, where they tempt one another, and soon become a menace to the community. Parents have less and less control of them every year, and many times welcome the aid of the authorities in keeping them from remaining too late abroad, as is shown by curfew laws in many places. Some sort of school societies, where they could meet together frequently, under the supervision of older people, and indulge in harmless intercourse, would be a great blessing to them. Local conditions must suggest just what form these gatherings must take, but anything to relieve the deadly dullness of life would be of inestimable value. School sociables held in the schoolhouses have been tried in some country districts with great success. Some instruction in manners—so much needed—could be given at any such gathering, if, alas, there was anyone competent to give it.

Moral education is avowedly the object, in part, of these adult schools, or continuation schools, as they are called in Germany. In France there has been a deplorable increase in drinking during the last decade or two, and much alarm is felt in regard to it by all interested in the welfare of the people. Certainly nothing is more needed in this country than some concerted effort toward the moral education of the people. The school societies of patronage might become a factor in the work. Their object is thus stated: "Morally, intellectually and physically to watch over and protect children and young people. To appeal to the school funds and to the various institutions able to help in the development of societies of patronage. To find situations for the young people, and to watch over them. To develop a spirit of foresight and reciprocity."

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid!"

Realism and Romance in Fiction.

Illustrated by Anna Karenina and Trilby.

PART II.

TRILBY.

After Tolstoi's study of the anatomy of moral consciousness what a relief to turn with Du Maurier into the regions of moral possibilities! How refreshing, after the glaring light of noonday realism, to draw a long breath in the breezy, shadowy, dewy morning of life! Now we have set sail on the sea of romance with Du Maurier at the prow! All sorts of things may happen, possible and impossible, but we are sure not to anchor in stagnant water.

Those opening leaves of Trilby fairly tingle with the buoyant spirit of youth—as we go on, music ripples around us from every side—and the genial, humorous, sympathetic companionship of the author pervades the pages like an atmosphere. How Du Maurier loves his characters, Taffy, the Laird, and little Billee! And he means that we shall love them, too, as we do, from first to last, because we feel the beating of the author's heart in them all. At sixty years of age, Du Maurier is writing in the Indian summer of a life rich with mellowed experiences, love of humanity, love of art. How easily he bridges across the prosaic years of middle life and reflects the spirit of youth as he gives us little Billee's feeling that first night in Paris.

"Paris! Paris! Paris! the very name, magical, whether he thought of it as mere sound on the lips, or on the ear, or written or printed for the eye. And here was the thing itself, and he, himself, in the very midst of it—to live and to learn, to make of himself the great artist he longed to be."

We feel the pulsations of Du Maurier's own life in those words, and not of Du Maurier's life only, but of all young artist life. His characters are unusual, things happen which are perhaps impossible, there is a careless, unevenness of texture in the weaving of the story at times, but that is atoned for by the author's picturesque sweep and breadth of style.

It is said that almost every artist draws objects either smaller or larger than the objects actually are. He does this from some quality inherent in his own nature, either in his actual or his mental vision. Du Maurier is probably one of the many artists who represent objects larger than they appear to the average vision. In his illustrations in *Punch* and *Harper* the men and women are noticeably tall. In picturing life in fiction Du Maurier conceives his characters on this same large scale. They are colossal types, broadly and firmly drawn, and strongly accented. Not out of drawing in relation to each other, but exaggerated in comparison with our ordinary idea of human nature.

They move with the vigor and certainty of elemental forces, and they are always romantic and picturesque.

With all his odious vulgarity and cruelty Svengali is intensely dramatic, he is impossibly inhuman, and becomes to us more curious as a monstrosity than hateful as a monster. Characteristically, in his use of words, Du Maurier deals in superlatives. In the hands of Svengali, the muscian pre-eminent, a two-penny whistle is made to produce tones of such vibrating, thrilling tenderness, as to eclipse even the violin. Gloriole's voice surpassed anything anywhere in the world, and Trilby, singing under hypnotic influence, surpasses any singing ever imagined.

This characteristic of the author explains, though nothing can excuse, his sweeping criticism of the church of England.

The charm and the defects of the book lie in Du Maur-

ier's individual consciousness, but the greatness of the novel, its abiding claim upon humanity, is where Du Maurier rises above himself and reveals to us the ideal possibilities in woman's nature under conditions which of themselves seem to condemn her. Trilby to him is more than Trilby; she is womanhood placed in surroundings where women do grow up in all great cities.

It is as if Du Maurier said to us, "Here is this girl from the Latin quarter; she is not responsible for the environment into which she was born, but let me show you what a fine nature and noble heart a young girl even here may have." It is in this sympathetic spirit that Du Maurier introduces Trilby into the studio of the three artists.

"She looked round at the assembled company and flashed at them an all-embracing smile of uncommon width and quite irresistible sweetness, simplicity and friendly trust. One saw at a glance that she was out of the common, clever, humorous, honest, brave and kind, and accustomed to be genially welcomed wherever she went." The Laird and Taffy feel at once the intrinsic goodness of Trilby, and the reader feels at once that when such men are inspired with pure brotherly tenderness and respect for Trilby her nature must ring true. Du Maurier has at once revealed the natural grain and fiber of the woman, a nature predestined to win and hold affection. Up to this time in her life her relations with men had been accidental, the result of social conditions and of a sleeping soul. But suddenly, through the life-giving force of a pure love, her whole being is stirred; her whole heart is purified. Like all the pure in heart, she sees God, and in that white light she sees herself—poor child of earth and heaven!—and she realizes the desecration of what should have been sacred. In this awakening of Trilby's spiritual nature, as this recognition of the evil in her life burned itself into her consciousness, Du Maurier is only giving us a free translation of the Methodist idea of conviction of sin. But it is in the great crisis of Trilby's life that Du Maurier reaches his moral climax.

The priest and the mother of little Billee come, and in the light of their worldly standards condemn Trilby, and we hate them for it.

And dear, chivalrous, tender-hearted, generous Taffy, who understands it all—Taffy is heavenly forgiveness personified, and fain would shelter the young girl in the protection of his own name. And little Billee, borne on by the wave of feeling, defies all obstacles; he would peril his soul's salvation for her as recklessly as he cast to the wind the world's opinion. He felt with the German poet: "With her 'tis heaven anywhere; without my darling, hell." But who is it that passes the final judgment, simply soaring above all others concerned? It is the brave and serene spirit of Trilby herself, and she does it so simply and naturally, it is so like Trilby, that one hardly realizes the sweet and perfect heroism of it all. She has been all along so frank, piquant and humorous that we have hardly taken her seriously.

One striking thing in this great scene is that here Du Maurier uses no superlatives. The scene is great in its simplicity.

Trilby knew her past and what it meant. She intuitively grasped the truth in the hard verdict of the mother, and loyally she held to that highest quality of love, the best good for the one beloved, sacrificing not only her own passion, but, far harder, the passion of her lover, for the sake of the ideal.

The charm of the story is so dazzling that it almost blinds one to its deeper significance, but the vital truth is there; and Du Maurier believes that spiritual forces are moving even in the Bohemian quarter of Paris.

Then there is that beautiful presentation of Trilby again, when she has escaped from Svengali. Here she is, at once delicate and tender and spiritual and human and humorous, altogether dear and adorable. So complete has been the evolution of the girl's higher nature, with a certain refinement of her charm of temperament, that even little Billee's mother sees her as she is. It is here that Trilby looks back upon her own life, in ultimate judgment of herself in her relations to others. She could forgive herself for the wrong she had done her own life, but not for sacrificing her little brother's pleasure to her own, one day long before. Trilby would never have deserted a little Sereoscha. Had Du Maurier given Trilby to little Billee in the end, perhaps the morality of the book might be questioned, but Du Maurier does not do this.

The beautiful last chapter of Trilby's life is marred by the author when the element of hypnotism again appears. It is a melodramatic blemish, the stroke of jagged lightning, the crash of thunder breaking across a serene sunset, and wrecking the life of little Billee.

It shocks the reader's sense of moral and of artistic harmony. More reverent should have been the last touch of Du Maurier upon the spirit of the woman whom he had so lovingly created.

Impossible as singing under the influence of hypnotism seems, impossible as we feel all that part of Trilby's story to be, Du Maurier had, in fact, a real foundation for the part hypnotism plays in the story. Madam Anna Bishop, a popular singer of thirty years ago, could sing well only when in the presence of her teacher, who always traveled with her. Madam Bishop, with this curious fact in her musical history, was well known to Du Maurier. And in 1842 there was recorded an instance where a young girl who could not sing at all, ordinarily, under mesmeric influence sang with Jenny Lind, so perfectly in accord, that the one voice could not be distinguished from the other.

Was any other book ever written so eloquent with the love of music, so suggestive of the possibilities in music? To Du Maurier, music seems the language into which all life can be interpreted. We do not feel that he exaggerates its range or its power; but he enlarges our vision of what it is and may become. Those tones of Trilby's, "like great, golden bells!" They haunt the imagination; they come to us in dreams; they have added a new and abiding beauty to the beautiful world of imagination.

It is said that Trilby is a man's book, more than a woman's. One does not wonder that men admire a story in which man in his relation to woman is represented as so chivalrous, so delicate, so loyal and tender, and one cannot but feel the crystal purity of Du Maurier's own heart. Those two young English girls, sweet Alice and little Billee's sister, are like delicate hawthorne buds in their suggestion of sweet English life.

Anna Karenina and Trilby; realism and romance; the one pictures to us the actual evil in human nature; the other leads us to believe in the good in human nature everywhere. The one is a study of moral destruction; the other a story of spiritual victory; both are a study of woman's love, as the supreme thing in woman's life, her whole future resting upon her power to lift right above self in this supreme test. The one woman sacrifices everything to love, and the selfishness which influences her there corrodes every relation of her life and destroys the happiness of herself and everyone connected with her; in the other the woman lifts right above happiness, and in so doing her whole nature is purified and exalted.

In Tolstoi's realism we have a terrible warning, but the vital, inspiring quality is in Du Maurier's romance.

Edward Rowland Sill, with his rare insight, uttered a deep truth when he said, "The final test of all art is its life-giving force." Those masters in literature will always be greatest who teach us to see most clearly, in human nature, under all conditions, that *real* beauty which we call the ideal. The story of Trilby is the revelation of George Du Maurier's faith in woman and love for womanhood. It is an actual, life-giving force; for only through faith and love will womanhood and manhood become faithful and lovely. Thoreau believed that what can be expressed in words can be expressed in life. And it is the torch-bearers of the ideal who lead us all upward.

WINNIE LOUISE TAYLOR.

How to Secure Good Teachers in the Sunday Schools.

Nearly every pastor and Sunday school superintendent is troubled to secure competent teachers; often to secure any at all, to say nothing of their competence. But generally someone can be found who may be coaxed or driven into taking a class. The inefficiency of our Sunday schools at present is largely due to the inability to secure competent teachers. Many are the plans proposed for this end. I would like to submit a plan which, while it cannot meet the demand immediately, will do so in the end, and seems to the writer the only feasible plan. I bespeak for it more than a passing thought; for I believe, if carried out, it means not only a great gain in the future in the efficiency of our Sunday schools, but also in the strength of our church. That we need trained teachers in our Sunday schools as in our secular schools is beginning to be recognized. The old idea was that anybody could teach a child; skilled teachers were needed only for advanced pupils. All this is now changed in the educational world. The highest talent and skill is now found none too great for teaching children. Kindergarten teachers are subjected to a most rigid training and must be proficient in many of the higher branches of study, especially in psychology. Something of this thought is beginning to manifest itself in our Sunday school work. In the larger churches there are kindergarten departments, with teachers skilled in kindergarten methods and often drawing a regular salary for their Sunday school work. In view of the skill necessary for the teaching of children, it has been suggested that the superintendent of our Sunday schools should be a trained teacher capable of instructing the teachers of the various classes in proper methods of presenting the lessons and also able to lay out courses of study. To retain such persons it has been held that they should be hired just as much as is the minister. It is true that the office and work of the Sunday school superintendent is nearly as important to the church as is that of the minister, if its opportunities be lived up to; and it is very desirable to have a skilled educator in that position. But such an one can rarely be obtained for nothing; and with most of our churches the plan of paying the superintendent a salary is out of the question. Most churches can barely support the minister. Is there any way out of the dilemma? I believe there is; a plain and simple way, too. In a nutshell it is this: Make the minister a trained educator.

This cannot be done with the present clergy, but it can be with the young men who are studying for the ministry. In the first place, let a chair of pedagogy be maintained in every divinity school filled by one of our foremost educators. Let training along this line be compulsory with the student. In fact, we can better afford to give up the study of Hebrew or of systematic theology in the theological schools than we can do without a chair in pedagogy. In the second place, make it one of the conditions of entering the ministry that the candidate shall engage in practical teaching for at least two years, either before or after leaving the Divinity school. This would help ripen him and make a more valuable minister of him in many ways. With this training, the minister could take the material which is ordinarily found for teachers in our smaller churches, and create out of it a good working corps of teachers. Another difficulty, too, in securing teachers would be obviated by this method. Now, many will not consent to teach because they feel they do not know how. But could they be taught how to present each lesson in particular, and also be given some of the fundamental methods of all teaching from week to week, they would not be so reluctant to undertake this work. Many a young girl who wishes to fit herself for the profession of teaching would eagerly embrace the opportunity for instruction by a skilled teacher as affording her a chance to better equip herself for her life work.

The work of teaching and preaching is inseparable; that is, preaching is to some extent teaching. Is it not worth while to combine these professions in a still closer way for the benefit of church work? However crudely the idea of this note is presented, I am sure it is worth something. I would like to see it taken up, elaborated, and discussed by some of the professors in the theological school as well as by the active pastors.—*Rodney F. Johonnot, in The Christian Leader.*

The Place of Progressive Euchre.

"Euchre for Charity" in aid of the Jewish Maternity Home. One hundred and fifty tables will be provided in the banqueting hall of the building obtained for the festive occasion; upward of sixty handsome prizes will be awarded; after which there will be a dance. In aid of the building fund of the new Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady of Mercy, a progressive euchre party will be given in the Second Regiment Armory, three hundred tables to be provided and more than two hundred valuable prizes. The euchre party has been decided upon by the ladies of the congregation as a popular means of raising funds toward the necessarily heavy expenses connected with a building of such magnitude as the projected church. The Hotel —— presented a remarkable scene last evening, when over 1,100 persons engaged in a progressive euchre party there, in aid of the Samaritan Hospital. The prizes, one hundred in all, were varied and beautiful. In aid of St. Luke's Homeopathic Hospital, the largest euchre party, it is said, composed exclusively of ladies, ever held in this city, took place yesterday. A progressive euchre party, at which there will be over one hundred tables, is to be given at the Broad Street Drawing Rooms, for the relief of the sick and wounded Cuban soldiers. Dancing will follow the euchre.

The above are samples of newspaper announcements and reports concerning euchre for charity entertainments similar to hundreds that are being given in all the cities this winter. At seaside hotels, such as those of Atlantic City, the play has become the absorbing winter pastime; while for evenings and dull days at the summer resorts generally it appears to hold first place as a dissipation. It would be very unnecessary to quote from "The Week in Vanity Fair" columns of the daily papers to show to how great an extent the parlors of the private houses are used for progressive euchre parties. My impression of the game of euchre had always been that it was quite a disreputable kind of gambling—though when it comes to grading that vice, I know of no kind that can in any wise be labeled as respectable. When a man has been badly cheated out of this or that piece of personal property, the vicious character of the transaction is thought to be sufficiently indicated when he is said to have been "euchred out of it." Now, this play of progressive euchre with which fashionable society has been so much taken of late years, has been judicially defined with a good deal of clearness. Here is what two judges, of the states of Kentucky and Tennessee, respectively, have to say concerning it: In his charge to the grand jury of Hamilton county, Tenn., perhaps two years ago, Judge Moon, at Chattanooga, used the following clear language: "Not only is gambling carried on in regular gambling resorts, but people of high standing and respectability gamble. They may not put down money, but they set an example for others in playing for prizes and awards. In these progressive euchre games these persons play for fine pictures or gold-headed canes. Examples are set that are a violation of the law, and it is just as demoralizing as common gambling. A conviction of one man of a higher class is better, as an example, than the conviction of only ordinary people for common gambling."

Similarly, Judge Green of Kentucky, in his charge to the grand jury of Boone county, in that state, took occasion lately to give his view of the difference between progressive euchre as known in society and what is spoken of as common gambling. He said: "I don't know anything about progressive euchre, but I know that when two 'one-

gallus' fellows play cards for money or other property down in a hollow that is gambling. Progressive means advancing, and when parties clad in silks, satins, broadcloth, diamonds, gold watches and gold chains meet in a parlor and play a series of games, and upon the result of the series the property in the prizes changes ownership, I think the game has progressed very far from the 'one-gallus' fellows in the hollow, but it is still gambling."

The sustentation of every scheme of gambling or gain-getting through merest chance is from the one malign root. It is a bad thing for the Italian newsboy to pitch pennies and to throw dice. It is a bad and risky thing for the negro in the "slums" to be found playing policy. The merchant's clerk who has so far surrendered his sense of self-respect as to gamble for a bicycle, ought to bend very low over his unworthily and unlawfully acquired wheel at the recollection of the loss of moral uprightness that it has cost him. The lady possessor of a sofa that has been gotten by progressive euchre, as she blandly waves her visitor to be seated,—well, it isn't altogether reassuring to reflect how the non-discriminating Kentucky judge ranges progressive euchre winners with the common gambling " 'gallus' fellows in the hollow." The manifestations of the lottery distemper are many and very varied, and may afflict (when not withstood) all classes and conditions of society. A sound, moral sentiment in the community regarding it will most effectually hold it in check. At present that sentiment is very far from sound, while there are influences tending to weaken it coming from the side of those who, we might reasonably suppose, would have a care how they engaged in practices that a just construction of the law would not sustain them in. Thus, there was a public euchre party, such as indicated in the first paragraph of this paper, given last winter at a large hall in Philadelphia, at which, as appeared by the newspaper list of the participants, female members of the families of some of our judiciary, the magistracy, the district attorney's office, the city council, and of others officially interested in the city's administration, were represented. Under these circumstances it would seem as though the judicial condemnation of this kind of card-playing for stakes must bristle with difficulties.

I am well aware that what has been herein said will have little weight indeed with those who are infatuated with balls, theater parties, and, generally, with "the world that lieth in wickedness." There are others who would hardly like to be classed with the multitude who run after the pleasures of "the world," yet who seem in many things to go the way of its votaries, and so take hold of card-playing for prizes—especially if it be for charity—as nice fun, and a pleasing way of parting with a little money. They seem to have no conception of the direful effects of the stimulation of the gambling temper, and how there may come heart-rending awakenings in their own families (as they have come to a great many) through defalcations, embezzlements, imprisonments, suicides, the result of this very hazardous home education. It was probably one of the latter class who lately remarked to my wife that she had been disgusted with playing euchre all the afternoon in a public hall for the benefit of a hospital, though she wouldn't have cared had it been in her own parlor, for she liked the game, yet she didn't exactly indorse the prize-taking! There are those, again ,who would not like to believe that they were morally endamaging others by engaging in the game, and who have simply gone into it in a spirit of thoughtlessness. May the eyes of many of these be opened to forsake it! "Thou shalt not follow the multitude to do evil"—not even in the name of charity, that much abused virtue which has been made the excuse for infinite folly.—*Josiah W. Leeds, in The Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.*

As surely as the pebble cast heavenward abides not there, but returns to the earth, so, proportionate to thy deed, good or ill, will the desire of thy heart be meted out to thee, in whatever form or world thou shalt enter.—*Hindu.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Every high and holy experience is a trust, sacred to the high and holy need of those to whom we are sent to minister.

MON.—Our efforts may seem to be in vain when they result in failure, but the failure itself need not be in vain.

TUES.—No victory is complete with the victor's gratitude left out.

WED.—The struggle was the strongest kind of an expression of prayer,—God knew that long before I did.

THURS.—The man who knows not what dependence is, has no appreciation of the right relations between himself and God.

FRI.—The only principle that works under all conditions is, not the principle of mastery, but of aid and service.

SAT.—He who accomplishes his purpose with ease may have accomplished less than he who has struggled for that accomplishment and failed.

—*Patterson Du Bois.*

The Singer.

She stood behind the golden rail
With other singers:
To bring *them* back my efforts fail;
Her vision lingers.

Face after face they all have fled
Through memory's portal;
One after one they all are dead;
She is immortal.

They sang for fame, or praise, or pay,
And won and lost them,—
Baubles that tarnish and decay
Where time hath tossed them.

The music that they made is gone
Past all returning;
The music that she made goes on
Like the stars' burning;

For heaven and earth to bring more near
Was her endeavor,
And as she sang when she was here
She sings forever.

When earth grows dim and the far sky
Is growing clearer,
Part of my joy will be that I
Again shall hear her.

—*Edward N. Pomeroy, in Youth's Companion.*

A Greek Reply.

"So many are your foes, their arrows shroud
The very sun with an eclipsing cloud."
"We'll fight them in the dark then! and the horde
Illumine with the lightning of the sword."

—*Gerald Massey.*

Remenyi, the violinist, was annoyed by a "peanut fiend," who crunched peanuts while he was playing Schubert's "Serenade." He brought his solo to a sudden close. Recalled with rapturous applause, to the surprise of everybody he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I now make me a little speech. That peanuts eater me very much annoy, and I think he enjoy himself so much as nobody else in the house. When he get through with his peanut solo, I go on."

Han Yerry.

Old Han Yerry was an Indian chief of the Oneida tribe, who lived in the northern part of New York state a hundred years ago. He had fought with the king's party against the colonists; but, after the war, when Judge White came to found the town of Whitesborough, he sought to make friends with them. The judge was the first white man to form a settlement there. He was surrounded by Indians, but was kind and good, and soon won their love. He lived in a small log house, with his married daughter and little grandchild, who was about two or three years old.

One day old Han Yerry, with his squaw, and a mulatto servant, came from Oriskany, three miles away, to pay the judge a visit and renew their friendship. Before going, the chief said:

"I like you and have confidence in you. Do you like me, and have you confidence in me?" To which the judge replied warmly that he liked him and had confidence in him.

"Then prove it to me," said the old chief. "My squaw loves your pappoose. Let us take her back to remain all night. I will return with her in the morning."

The baby's poor mother sat speechless with terror at thought of trusting her darling to these savages, and, as she saw signs of yielding in her father's face, threw herself distractedly at his feet. Without looking at her distress, he gently took the child from her close embrace, and told her she had nothing to fear from their good friends, who would surely bring her back safely and well. Then, placing the child in the squaw's arms, he said: "I trust to my friends all that I hold most dear."

Though he looked calm and smiling, he deeply felt the sacrifice he was called upon to make, in order to save the colonists, who would have perished had the request been refused.

All night they kept vigil, and in the first gray light of dawn strained their eyes up the road for sign of any human being; but there was none. The hours came and went,—noon, afternoon. Still no sign. In silence and prayer, with dark foreboding, they kept watch. Sometimes the poor mother, through grief and fear, would try to rush up the road in search of her darling, but was restrained by her father, who knew that such a breach of confidence would cause its death and that of the defenseless settlers, while reliance on their word would increase friendliness. So, hand in hand, they waited.

At last, as the sun sank behind the hills, some figures appeared in the distance. Almost breathlessly they observed them approach. As they drew nearer, with a cry of delight, the keen eyes of the mother saw Blossom perched on the shoulders of the old chief, dressed out in all the gorgeousness of an Indian princess, instead of her own little clothes, smiling and happy, as if she had had the best of times, as indeed was the case; for the Indians had been very kind and tender in their efforts to amuse the little "Pale Flower."

Judge White was wise to show the Indians this great trust, for they never forgot it. From that time they did all they could to aid the white settlers at Sedaghquate, afterward called Whitesborough, and to show their love and respect for them.—*Maria Domitello, in Pansy.*

Spider Mothers and Bee Mothers.

I am afraid you think of spiders as cruel, fierce creatures, because you feel sorry for the buzzing flies they catch in their webs. But I hope you'll think better of them, when I tell you that they are the most affectionate mothers, and will allow themselves to be torn to pieces before they will abandon their babies. One spider mother carries her eggs around in a white silk bag, as large as a pea. She never lays it down, and she will fight for it as long as she has life. When they are hatched, they are tiny mites of spiders, not grubs, and they hang around their mother, climb on her back in crowds, cling to her long legs, even get on her head. She carries them about wherever she goes. Funny enough she looks, too. Why, she's worse off than the unfortunate old woman who lived in a shoe.

What would you think of thimble-shaped cradles for a bee baby? One little mother makes them in that shape. First she digs a place in dry ground, then makes one thimble, fills it with honey and pollen from the flowers, and puts one egg on it. Then she fits another thimble into that, just as you would slip one thimble into another, only they don't go in very far. The second one stops up the door of the first; so she goes on till she has half a dozen or so, and then she fills the hole with dirt.

Another very careful and thoughtful little mother bee wraps her babies in flannel, to keep them warm. She gets her flannel, or what looks like flannel, from the leaves of some trees, which are woolly. The wise men call her the clothier bee. If you think that's a funny name, what do you think of carpenter bee, and mason bee? The carpenter cuts her baby house out of wood; and the mason builds hers with bricks, which she makes, by gluing together grains of sand.

The gayest of all, however, is the nursery of the upholster bee. This neat little mother first makes a suitable hole in the ground, and carefully smooths the walls. Then she flies to some poppy. or rose bush, and, selecting the brightest blossom she can find, always scarlet, she cuts out little round pieces of the gay flower, and with them completely lines her nursery. She puts two or three thicknesses, to make it warm. I think this bee baby must belong to the royal family, with its dainty scarlet hangings, and delicate food of honey.—*Olive Thorne.*

A Parable of Harvest.

What hast thou in thy garner, husbandman?
Good grain and fair.
Then what are these black seeds full ill to scan?
Cockle and tare.

But tell me, O thou toil-bent husbandman,
How came they there?
They would not rise before the winnowing fan,
Despite my care.

But how did spring the cockle, husbandman,
And how the tare,
Thy goodly land to plague? *Beneath a ban,*
I sowed them there.

Declare whence came the seed, old husbandman,
With truth declare!
The grain my fathers had not skill to fan,
Such fruit doth bear.

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

Emerson At The Saturday Night Club.

"I went to the club last night," writes Oliver Wendell Holmes in one of those delightful letters of his to John Lothrop Motley, "and met some of the friends you always like to hear of. I sat by the side of Emerson, who always charms me with his delicious voice, his fine sense and wit, and the delicate way he steps about among the words of his vocabulary,—if you have seen a cat picking her footsteps in wet weather, you have seen the picture of Emerson's exquisite intelligence, feeling for its phrase or epithet. Sometimes I think of an ant-eater singling out his insects, as I see him looking about and at last seizing his noun or adjective,—the best, the only one that would serve the need of his thought."—*Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that does most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade, when all things rest.
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

—*James Montgomery.*

The Study Table.

The Expositor, A Theological Magazine.*

Strange to say, an American edition does not mean a reprint of the English. Of the seven articles found in the English issue only two reappear in America, while two authors, Cheyne and Matheson, contribute articles totally different from those addressed to their own countrymen. Why, to get an author's publications in *The Expositor*, should we be obliged to buy both the foreign and the New York edition? The most valuable article of all, a fragment of the judicious Dr. Hort on Hatch's "Essays in Biblical Greek," is one of the omissions. Were we deemed incapable of appreciating it?

The other feature is no balm to injured national sensibility. The withdrawal of articles from our possibly imperfect minds is not to open the way to American essays. The body articles are all to be foreign. Only an American editor brings up the rear with a flock of native book reviews, properly subordinated in space, position and typography. We are grateful that the English have intrusted to us as much as is safe for them, and we candidly think the rear guard vastly more interesting than the body of the procession. We will welcome this overflow of English learning and try to afford the possession of their wisdom by buying both editions. But with the American reviewers we are not at peace. We will not chide their humility, but their lack of thrift. They have helped, not to furnish an American reprint, but to create a foreign competition in America, with much more valuable enterprises of our own. *The Expositor* had a field of its own. Its articles were expository. The American editor helps it now to compete with the New World and the newly launched *American Journal of Theology*, periodicals which can never be commercial undertakings and are only with some difficulty maintained in the interest of theological culture. This meek tail to the English kite threatens entanglement with domestic undertakings. It gives us only more of the overdope discussion of books for the general reader, without much gain in information. We wish that this energy had been saved for an American counterpart of the Theologische Litteraturzeitung, in which extensive and detailed examination by specialists promotes the ends of pure scholarship.

Meadville Theological School. F. A. CHRISTIE.

George Washington Again.[1]

Where is there a more charming book for general reading than this by Mr. Ford? It undertakes to reconstruct the common conception of Washington, and give us that character in a more familiar guise; but without lessening its beauty and its dignity—for that cannot be done by an honest presentation of facts. It is a fortunate thing that the tide of public interest has turned away from Napoleon to his far nobler, and truly greater, cotemporaries, Washington and Jefferson. The contents of this book bring us closer to Washington in his family relations, in his education, his relations with friends of both sexes, as farmer and employer, as owner of slaves but not a believer in slavery; as soldier and as citizen. The early loves of Washington were quite as numerous as those of Robert Burns; but he does not seem to have been peculiarly popular with the fair sex until after his return from the Braddock campaign. The following epistle will explain somewhat the changed relations which followed his remarkable and sudden elevation as a military hero: "Dear Sir:—After thanking Heaven for your safe return, I must accuse you of great unkindness in refusing us the pleasure of seeing you this night. I do assure you nothing but our being satisfied that our company would be disagreeable, should prevent us from trying if our legs would not carry us to Mount Vernon this night; but if you will not come to us to-morrow morning very early we shall be at Mount Vernon. Signed, Sallie Fairfax, Ann Spearing, Elizabeth Dent." Washington was deeply in love with one whom he calls his "Lowland Beauty;" still later with Mary Philipse; both of whom refused to give their hearts to his charge. He finally married a widow, Mrs. Custis, a woman of good nature and moderate sense, and a very large bank account. They lived an ideal family life whenever Washington could be spared from public affairs. Washington would not have been a Virginian if he had not been first of all in his temperament a farmer. He loved his estate so thoroughly that he constantly bemoans the necessity of holding office; and during his presidency was hardly persuaded not to resign and settle down on his plantation. This must be said also of the Father of His Country, that he improved the agriculture of the times; and instead of impoverishing his lands, left them worth far more than when he first took possession. Washington sold a few of his slaves for their ungovernable bad habits; but he was a gentle master, and a strong advocate of abolition, as soon as it could be secured by the state. There is a curious but general opinion of Washington that he made few friends; in fact, never opened his heart warmly to anyone. We owe this contemptible opinion to Alexander Hamilton, who said of Washington that he never loved anyone but General Knox. On the contrary, there was the most tender relationship between Washington and General Greene, Lafayette, Edward Rutledge, General Laurens, General Knox, Light-Horse Harry Lee, and Hamilton, not to mention others who stood almost as near in affection to the general. Hamilton alone seems to have been a marplot in friendship. After a personal breach with his patron, he wrote to a confidant: "I believe you know the place I held in the General's confidence and councils; which will make more extraordinary to you to learn that for three years past I have felt no friendship for him, and have professed none." If space permitted we should like to transcribe whole pages of this charming book. The publishers have also succeeded in making it a sample of real art in their own line. E. P. P.

Christianity and Idealism.

Prof. John Watson, of Queen's University, Kingston, Canada, has given us, in Macmillan's best pattern of bookmaking, a notable work on the Christian ideal of life in its relations to the Greek and Jewish ideals, and to modern philosophy. This volume, while the second in a series, is the first publication of the Philosophical Union of the University of California. "The present volume," says the editor of the series, Prof. G. H. Howison, LL. D., "has for its theme the interdependence of Christianity and Idealism; of Christianity regarded, not as a historical theology, but as an ideal of conduct. . . . . From this point of view Christianity will be seen in its truth, the new but abiding principle of personal and social action that marked a fresh stage in human development. . . . . On the other hand, Idealism, responding to a like logic, will assume the form proper to it as simply the philosophical expression of whatever is most characteristic of man in his animation by rational ideals." The author's opening sentences are significant of the point of view and scope of the book. "Christianity, as it issued fresh from the mind of its founder, embodied a conception of life which brought religion into indissoluble connection with morality. The whole human race was conceived of as in idea a single spiritual organism in which each man gains his own perfection by self-conscious identification with all the rest, and this community of life was held to be possible only because man is identical in nature, though not in person, with the one divine principle, which is manifested in all forms of being." In the first chapter the author seeks to establish the impossibility of either morality or religion without the other.

* American Edition. Vol. I. No. 1. February, 1897. Published month'y by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.00.

[1] The True George Washington. By Paul Leicester Ford. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

In the chapter upon "The Greek Ideal of Life," he shows how the religion of Greece developed through its great poets and philosophers from a humanistic polytheism into monotheism. The third chapter is devoted to showing how conformity to the Law was the standard and source of all righteousness in Judaism, how the law at once unites Israel to Jehovah and separates her from the rest of the world. The fourth chapter describes Jesus taking up the message of the Baptist and resting it upon an ethical basis. "Repentance is by the Baptist conceived as the moral preparation for a deliverance from evil, which is future; by Jesus it is regarded as consisting in a personal consciousness of the infinite love of God. Thus the moral revolution is inseparable from the religious." "Ignoring the authority of the Law and the prophets, he seemed to assert an independent basis for the new truth which he proclaimed, and in making righteousness consist entirely in a spiritual regeneration, he apparently despised the whole body of truth, which had been revealed by God himself to Moses and the prophets. It was, therefore, charged against him that, in abrogating the Law, he was destroying the very foundation of religion and morality. The objection is one which never fails to be made when the principle of external authority is attacked. . . . . The answer of Jesus was that, so far from abrogating the Mosaic law, he 'fulfilled' it; *i. e.*, brought to light the principle which gave it its binding force." In chapter five we pass from the religion of Jesus to mediæval Christianity. "The free and genial glance with which our Lord contemplated nature, the triumphant optimism of his conception of human life, and his absolute faith in the realization of the kingdom of heaven here and now, have been replaced by a stern denunciation of the utter perversity and evil of society, and by the postponement of the kingdom of heaven to a future life." Prof. Watson inquires how the change came by tracing the origin of three main characteristics in the mediæval conception of life. He shows first how Christian consciousness was shifted from this world to the next; second, how the belief in the absolute authority of the church arose in all matters of faith and worship; third, how the Opposition was developed between faith and reason.

Part II proposes to ask how far an idealistic philosophy enables us to retain the fundamental conception of life, which was enunciated by the Founder of Christianity. The lack of space forbids even an outline of Prof. Watson's statement and defense of idealism, or his discussion of idealism in relation to agnosticism, and the special sciences. Although to some the second part of the book may not be as satisfactory as the first, the thoughtful reader will find in it a noble argument toward altruism, as the outcome of an idealistic Christianity. God realizes his own happiness in his self-communicating nature. Man is saved from sin only as he realizes in his own life the self-communicating spirit of God. "In taking upon himself the burden of the race, he lives a divine life. This is the secret which Jesus realized in his life, and to have made this secret practically our own is to be justified by faith."

Ancient India.*

The Open Court Publishing Company has rendered a good service to the public by bringing out this little book in so inviting a form—and with so valuable a message. Dr. Oldenberg's familiarity with the Pali manuscripts, especially makes him easily the first authority on primitive Buddhism, and anything he may say on "Ancient India" deserves a careful reading by all interested in the subject, whether they be casual readers or experts. There are three chapters, "The Study of Sanskrit," "The Religion of the Veda," and "Buddhism." The account of the rediscovery of the Sanskrit language and literature at the close of the last century, and of the progress of Sanskrit study during this century, and the estimate of the results of that study will be both fresh and interesting to any reader. One misses the enthusiasm of Schopenhauer, who, when he recognized his own intellectual physiognomy in the pessimism of the Dhammapada, predicted that the influence of the rediscovery of Sanskrit in this century would equal that of the rediscovery of Greek in the fourteenth; but one finds a careful and sober estimate of the value to the world of the study of Sanskrit. Prof. Oldenberg has more fully developed the subjects of the second and third chapters in his books, "The Religion of the Veda" and "Buddha." The chapter on Buddhism, however, contains a development of the harmony between the ideas and their evolution of the Buddhists and those of the Greeks, a harmony which is "no mere accident," including not only the "prevailing mood," but "the forms of mental expression in which the thought and life of the mendicant Buddhist monks" find "almost contemporary double upon Greek soil." This chapter is a striking though brief contribution to its own phase of the subject.

* Ancient India, Its Language and Religions. Prof. H. Oldenberg. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, 1896. Fifty cents.

The Essex Hall Year-Book for 1897 has reached us from London. It is a closely printed book of a hundred pages with a supplemental catalogue of half as many more, setting forth the workers, work and publication of the Unitarian and Free Christian churches of England. This book used to be published under the auspices of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, but now it seems to be the private venture of the publisher, Phillip Green, 5 Essex street, Strand, London, W. C., who seems to carry in his list of publications a large number of attractive books setting forth the faith and hope of what the catalogue calls "Liberal Theology." The list includes the writings of such men as Robert Collyer, Stopford Brooke, Doctors Herford, Hedge, in short, the list reaches from Priestly to Parker, and the student of the liberal movement can well afford to order a copy of this book, the price of which is one shilling net.

Notes and Comment.

Following the announcement that D. Appleton & Co. are now formally incorporated, like the Macmillan and Harper companies, comes a prospectus of books that they are about to publish. The list includes "Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot, Duc de Reggio;" "Some Masters of Lithography," by Atherton Curtis; "The Aurora Borealis," by Alfred Angot; "The Beautiful Miss Brooke," by "Z. Z.;" "Tatterley, The Story of a Dead Man," by T. Gallou, a new writer, for whom the English critics prophesy a future; "A Spotless Reputation," by D. Gerard; "Perfection City," a story of Kansas, by Mrs. Orpen. Also some new editions of older works. Those who have valued Edward Clodd's "Story of Creation" will welcome his promised "Pioneers of Evolution," from Thales to Huxley. This book attempts to tell the story of the origin of the evolution idea in the works of the ancient philosophers and its elaboration by Lucretius; its eclipse during the middle ages under the supremacy of ecclesiastical dogmas; and its renascence about A. D. 1600, under the influence of discovery and Lord Bacon's philosophy. Reviewing the present condition of the question as to man and mind, it finally points out how the Pioneers of Evolution have led us "by ways undreamed of at the start to a goal undreamed of by the earliest of them."

Mrs. Fleming, daughter of Lockwood Kipling, an artist and sister of Rudyard Kipling, poet and novelist, has a family reputation to sustain. In "A Pinchbeck Goddess" she makes her bow to the reading public.

Anthony Hope's many admirers will watch with interest for the beginning in *McClure's* of his sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda." The current number looks inviting with such subjects as Mark Twain, Rudyard Kipling, Daniel Vierge, and such authors as Robt. Louis Stevenson, Wm. D. Howells, August Jaccaci, Conan Doyle and Hamlin Garland.

From Messrs. Chas. Scribner's Sons comes the promise of "A Short History of Mediæval Europe," from the pen of Oliver J. Thatcher, of the University of Chicago.

The Sunday School Times, in its issue of March 6, begins a series of music articles. Dudley Buck, well known for his contributions to church music, writes this initial paper.

D. D.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

CHICAGO.—Mr. Vrooman preached March 7 at McVicker's Theater on "An Estimate of Paul." He chose for his text the first words of the Epistle to the Romans: "Paul, a Servant of Jesus Christ." After tracing in outline the career of Paul, Mr. Vrooman said: "If Paul could have looked down the centuries and seen his own theology crowd the religion of Jesus out of the highest place in the consciousness of Christendom; could he have known that people would set him upon the throne which belongs to Jesus and let men into the church and let them out according to their interpretations of his own speculations, making the test of discipleship adherence to, not the religion of Jesus, but the theology of Paul, he would have been the very first one to speak in words of rebuke and denunciation. It is time for the whole of Christendom to do again what the best part of Christendom has continually been doing—reëxamine Christian history and take an account of stock. The church has gone wrong. This will be denied with venom proportionate to the lack of proof to support denial. The church has gone off after Paul and Peter and John and Augustine, and Luther and Calvin and Wesley and others. These men and their opinions have become the standards of the church. This is ridiculous. It is also wicked. It would seem that a high degree of intellectuality were not necessary to understand that, if the church is the church of Jesus and not the church of Paul, Jesus, not Paul, is authority. Yet this is not the attitude of Romanism or Protestantism. I declare flatly that Jesus is not recognized as the highest authority in the Christian church. In one branch it is Peter and his papal successors, in another it is Paul and his. This does not leave a real Christian church. If it is Christianity it is a second-hand Christianity, which is no Christianity at all. In Protestantism they have put Christ in the sepulcher and Paul on the throne. But the Zeit-Geist, like an angel of the Lord, is hammering on the door of the tomb and he shall roll the stone away and after a resurrected Christ spirit will appear a resurrected humanity. Let all love and honor be given to Paul, this man of glorious thought and action. But every day throughout nearly a generation he reiterated that he was a servant of Christ. Why should we make him the standard in Christendom and not Christ?" * * * The League of the Universalist Women's Association held their last meeting at the Stewart Avenue Universalist Church. There were about forty-five at the luncheon and double the number during the afternoon. Delegations were present from all the city and suburban churches of the denomination. Rev. Frederick W. Miller of Woodlawn and Rev. and Mrs. Burnell of Blue Island were among the guests. The meeting was called to order at half past one, Mrs. White presiding. The literary program included a paper on the "Teaching of Our Model Novelists," and book reviews of "The Heavenly Twins" and "A Singular Life." A spirited discussion followed the papers. The League is the literary wing of the association, whose special field is missionary work and whose annual meeting is in May. The League holds three meetings a year. * * * On Sunday morning, March 14, in All Souls Church, Prof. Oscar L. Triggs carried out the thought expressed in his address of two weeks before on the "Democracy of Art." In speaking of the "Philosophy of Play" his key-note was still the word "Freedom." He said: "The essential product of artistic instinct is freedom. The play spirit grows out of and is one expression of the æsthetic spirit. The artist is the only free man in the world's work. The way the artist can play was illustrated in the World's Fair, a Titanic play, and in the recent artists' festival. How to infuse this play spirit into the work of the artisan and the laborer is the problem of history and philosophy. When work becomes play we realize the joy of working. One day all work will be play, all speech will be song and joy will be universal.

GREELEY, COLO.—The Unitarian Society at this place has not had a regular pastor this winter, the former one, Mr. A. B. Howes, having decided to accept a call to Toronto and Hamilton, Canada. The society, however, has not been dormant and when they could not get either Mr. Utter of Denver or Mr. Pratt of Colorado Springs they have kept up the work by lay services. The audiences have been large, especially for the evening services and the society has gone on the "pay as you go" plan, so that they are not in debt a dollar, and the Ladies' Unity Circle, which has taken full charge of these supplemental services, has money in its treasury. During the winter in this way we have listened (indirectly) to some of the best sermons of Jones, Gannett, Blake, Martin, Mann, Crooker and Chadwick, beside the excellent addresses of Utter and Pratt, whose effectiveness were farther increased by their personal presence and magnetism. The Unity Circle has kept up the social side of church life by the "Dime Suppers," which have been greatly enjoyed by all. The Sunday school is held regularly every Sunday at 12 o'clock and the work has as a whole been satisfactory to those in charge of this most important work. The music is the hardest thing to do in Sunday school work, owing to the lack of good leaders. The adult class is now undertaking the study of Bible history on a new plan, namely, the Chronological one, as developed by the Higher Criticism, and so far this has been enjoyable and beneficial. Many of us are pleased with the steps taken by THE NEW UNITY toward increasing the subscriptions and usefulness of this heroic paper.

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—Mrs. Sunderland has been devoting the winter, in her large Bible-class, to a "Study of the Life and Teachings of Jesus, in the Light of Recent Travel in the Holy Land."

The Unity Club has just closed its public meetings for the season. It has had an average attendance of 150.

In view of the hundreds who have been turned away from the Sunday evening services for want of room the crowded parlors at the monthly socials and at the Sunday afternoon meetings of the Young People's Religious Union, many are saying: "What a pity that our church is not larger!"

Mrs. Sunderland has recently lectured in Battle Creek on "Rome" and on "Life in Germany," and in Detroit on "Mary Lyon, the pioneer of the higher education for woman in America."

Mr. Sunderland has been speaking to large congregations in Detroit and Grand Rapids on "India."

Old and New.

It is reported that Professor Slaby of the technical high school in Charlottenburg, Prussia, has succeeded in making artificial diamonds indistinguishable from natural ones, and showing octahedral form.

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

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A Trick of the Trade.

A lady who has been in London told me that as she and her husband were walking along the Strand one day,—and they don't think that they look ferociously American,—the vender of a kind of bagpipe whistle was displaying his wares by playing various tunes.

As our compatriots passed him he struck up "Yankee Doodle," and when that didn't seem to have any effect he followed it with "The Star Spangled Banner."

Such ingenuity deserved reward, so the couple purchased one of the pipes.

"How did you know I was an American?" demanded the gentleman.

"'Ow do I know a duck's a duck?" was the reply. "Hi'm an old sailor, your honor, han I've been heverywhere. When a Scotchman goes by, hi give 'im 'Bonnie Dundee;' han Hirishman, 'The Wearing hof th' Green,' han' I cort ha darky just now with 'The Hold Folks hat 'Ome.'" — *The Musical Record.*

Her Letter.

She has written her little letter;
It was hard enough to do,
With mistress forever ringing the bell
Always for something new;
When the spelling was very uncertain,
And the writing's blotted and slow,
But she's written her little letter
Over the sea to go.

It will carry her last month's wages—
A couple of pounds at least.
It means for the dear home people
No end of a happy feast.
A little shawl for her mother,
And shoes for the baby's feet,
For the pale-faced, ailing sister
Some delicate things to eat.

She follows her little letter
Over the plunging sea.
She sits again by the smoking peat,
And leans on her father's knee.
There are gossiping neighbors calling,
No end of kith and kin,
And they laugh and chat and linger
As their endless tales they spin.

And it isn't work forever,
With bells that make one start,
And it isn't only the wages;
It's something tugs at the heart
And sets her laughing and crying
As she follows across the sea
What she wrote at her kitchen table
When she had a half-hour free.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

There is only one time to begin to be a man, and that is before you get to be a man. You will be and do after you get grown up, just what you begin to do and be before you get grown up. An apple tree does not suddenly begin to be an apple tree after it is a dozen or fifteen years old, but it is an apple tree after that time because it has begun to be one before that time, all the way from the start.—*The Commonwealth.*

Books Received.

☞All books and pamphlets received by THE NEW UNITY are acknowledged in this column. More extended notice of any publication will depend upon its importance to the readers of THE NEW UNITY.

Christianity and Idealism. Prof. John Watson, LL. D. Macmillan & Co., London and New York, 1897, $1.25.

Messages of To-day to Men of To-morrow. Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D. American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia and Chicago, 1896, $1.50.

Martin Luther — Gustav Freytag, Translated by Henry E. O. Heinemann. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, 1897, $1.00.

The Tale of a Ship.

Into the haven at last
Storm-driven she flees!
A fluttering rag at her mast
A wreck from the seas.

Tender and blue was the sky
In the morn when she sailed;
So she lingered; the hours flew by
Till the daylight had paled.

Then the tempest broke forth o'er the world
And lashed the wild wave;
All the waters upon her seemed hurled;
Yet she held true and brave.

The horrors of sky and of sea
Made her staunch timbers thrill,
Yet she stayed not her course, nay, not she,
But struggled on still.

Stripped of her beauty and pride,
Sorely crippled, and strained,
Her victory's sign doth abide
For her flag hath remained.

In harbor at last! broken! old!
In peace rests she now!
This tale of a ship I have told,
Is it I? Is it thou?

—*F. M. S. in the Friend's Intelligencer and Journal.*

For Nervous Prostration

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Dr. C. C. ABERNATHY, Pulaski, Tenn., says: "I have used it in many cases of nervous prostration and atonic dyspepsia, and it has rarely failed to tone up the weakened nervous system and improve the digestion."

The invention of the organ is very ancient, though it is agreed it was little used till the eighth century. It seems to have been borrowed from the Greeks. The Emperor Julian has an epigram in its praise. St. Jerome mentions one with twelve pairs of bellows, which might be heard a thousand paces, or a mile, and another at Jerusalem which might have been heard as far as the Mount of Olives.—*Musical Record.*

Young Men Quit Tobacco

If you wish to preserve your manhood. Education at large expense to develop mental brilliancy is torn down by Tobacco use and nervousness results. SURE-QUIT, an antidote chewing gum rights the wrong. 25c. a box, nearly all druggists. Booklet and sample free. Eureka Chemical Co. Detroit, Mich.

The plague and famine in India are severely affecting the cotton trade of Lancashire. Last year the county sent to Bombay 729,000,000 yards of piece-goods, or about one-third the total quantity of cloth forwarded to India, and when it is realized that the plague has practically cut off almost all this business, the loss may be imagined. The Indian empire takes 40 per cent. of the piece-goods made in Lancashire, and the sudden failure of the demand has precipitated an industrial crisis. In Lancashire generally there have been stoppages of thousands of looms for weeks past, but the district most seriously affected by the plague and famine is East Lancashire, where at least 70,000 looms are engaged on Indian goods.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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"Lessons From The World of Matter."—Theodore Parker. (Kerr)	1.00	1
"Martin Luther."—F. H. Hedge. (Roberts Bros.)	.60	1
"Proof of Evolution."—Nelson C. Parshall. (Kerr)	.50	1
"Life and Conditions of Survival."—Lectures delivered before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. (Kerr)	2.00	1
"Sunday School Stories."—Edward Everett Hale. (Roberts Bros.)	.50	1
"Helpful Thoughts."—E. E. Hale, selected by Mary B. Merrill. (Roberts Bros.)	1.00	1
"Select Discourses and Essays."—Channing. (Philip Green, London)	1.00	1
"The Trial of Sir John Falstaff."—A. M. F. Randolph. (Putnam's Sons)	1.50	1
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"The Story of Chaldea."—(Putnam's)	1.50	1
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"The Story of the Jewish Church."—Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. Charles Scribners. 3 vols	2.00	each.
"The Thought of God."—1st series. Hosmer & Gannett. (Roberts Bros.)	1.00	1
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Song Is Not Dead.

It lives in beauty
While one child bestows
A silent blessing
On the wayside rose.

It lives in duty
While a million feet
Toil ever onward
O'er a city street.

It lives in learning
While the soul aspires,
And on freedom's altar
Burn truth's sacred fires.

From streams ancestral
Lo, its founts are fed.
While hearts have feeling
Song is not dead!

—Charles W. Stevenson in The Independent

Thomas A. Edison declares that a practical working telephone across the Atlantic ocean is an impossibility. The difficulty of telephoning increases according to the square root of the distance. A Russian scientist has telephoned under ten miles of water, and claims that he can easily speak across the Atlantic. To do this, however, will be 65,000 times as hard as telephoning under ten miles of water. It is a question not of battery but of leakage and the overcoming of resistance, and the impossibility of getting rid of the current the moment the voice ceases.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Three Prayers.

Three camels, o'er the desert sands,
Bore travelers from distant lands.
When far domes gleamed through hazy air,
One said,—It is a time for prayer.

Alighting, in his camel's shade
Each bowed him to the earth and prayed.
And each one named his soul's desire,
To Him who gave men hearts of fire.

The first one prayed,—My purpose bless.
Give this world's honor its success.
Prolong my days. As I grow old
Increase my lands, my friends, my gold.

The second said,—Forgive my sin,
That I thy heaven at last may win,
O'er life's last wreck my soul would rise,
To walk with Thee in Paradise.

The last one prayed,—O Heart above!
Whose ways are hid, but hid in love,
Give me through labor, rue and strife,
To enter deeper into life.

—Dwight M. Hodge, Exchange.

The *Fiji Times* gives a lively description of the wedding of the native governor of Rewa Tui Sawai and Adi Vuikaba, granddaughter of the late king Thakombau. Temporary dwellings were erected for the thousands of invited guests. No church was large enough for the occasion. Three English missionaries assisted in the service. The bridegroom was folded in the Katudrau (100 fathoms of native cloth). The bride's dress was a finely woven and richly colored mat, with a silk pinafore. The students from the Wesleyan college formed the choir. The marriage feast consisted of 600 cooked, pigs, 300 turtles, 5,000 bunches of bananas, pyramids of yams, taro and bread fruit. A vakalolo, or pudding, was 200 feet long, two feet wide, four feet deep. All other Fijian delicacies were in abundance. The presents were numerous, being thousands of mats and rolls of native cloth.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

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The Pawnshop Loan Society connected with Dr. Greer's church, New York City, established two years ago, which gives loans of money to the poor on personal property at one per cent. a month, or one-third of the usual charge, and allows extension of time from five to six months for redemption purposes, has since its organization assisted 63,000 needy persons, the total amount loaned having been $1,000,000. Last year only about two per cent. of these pledges went unredeemed. Though wholly philanthropical, it is paying a dividend of six per cent.—*Northwestern Christian Adqocate.*

Aspiration.

"All roadways," said the Roman pride,
"All roadways lead to Rome;"
Perchance, howe'er men's paths divide,
At last they bring them home.

I have not known of mortal mould
A wretch so fell and grim
But when the story was all told
I needs must weep with him.

Time takes my strength, but gives my pen
A wider range and scope;
I view the heaven-swayed lives of men
With endless trust and hope.

No more I label, sort, define
God's dealings deep and dread:
I raise to heaven these eyes of mine
And all my creed is said.

—Frederick Longbridge, Friend's Intelligencer and Journal.

Mr. Gladstone wrote an interesting letter on book collecting the other day in which he says: "I have been a purchaser in my time of about 35,000 books. A book collector ought to possess six qualifications—an appetite, leisure, wealth, knowledge, discrimination and perseverance. Of these I have only the first two, and the last is restricted, as my visual power seriously disables it."—*The Advance.*

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In the guiding light of past experience no reputable specialist in lung diseases can see either science or sense in treating any disease of the lungs, whether it be tuberculosis or bronchitis, asthma or chronic pneumonia, without direct applications to the diseased parts. Medicated air breathed into the lungs goes to the root of the disease and is the only hope. We now have germicidal inhalants, which kill and drive out the bacilli of tuberculosis, and we have antiseptics and healing inhalants, which cure bronchitis, asthma and all catarrhal inflammations of the air passages and lungs, by inhalation, as certainly as a SORE EYE or SORE THROAT is cured by direct application to those parts.

The people, unlearned in the mysteries of medical science, cannot be expected to decide on the truth or fallacy of medical doctrines. But no person of ordinary intelligence can fail to understand and rightly estimate the value of plain, naked facts. Everything in life that is true and valuable to mankind rests upon them. A group of grateful witnesses from every state in the union proclaim that they were sick and in danger of their lives by lung diseases; that they could find no help or hope or cure from other treatment; that they were finally led by reports of its great success to try my treatment of antiseptic air inhalations, and were cured by it after everything else had failed.

Braden B. Adair of 292 Hermitage avenue, Chicago, says: "After every one considered that I had to die, and after I had been treated by three other physicians, none of whom gave me any hope, I placed myself under Dr. Hunter's care, and in four months I became perfectly well, and have remained so ever since. If I had not gone to him when I did I would have been in my grave long before this."

Mrs. J. A. Koplin of Bulkley, Ill., says: "My case was pronounced incurable by my home physician. I had several hemorrhages, nightsweats and all the bad symptoms. Your method of treating lung diseases by inhalation restored my health, and I have every reason to believe effected a permanent cure."

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(To be continued weekly.)

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